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THE subject respecting our true relations as a government and a people to the Indians is one constantly gaining force and significance. That the policy adopted has been too much the exponent of a desire to be rid of them cannot be denied, and so they have been driven from their hunting grounds and their homes. And there has followed in the "march of civilization," cruelty, crime, and disgrace.

Their present status seems to be due to direct and special enactments which fail to recognize them as human beings, as individuals with hearts and minds that love and hate. The wonder is that the Indian, under this steadfast policy which refuses to acknowledge his manhood, does not become completely brutalized, rather than developing toward civilization. The present deplorable condition of the Indians and our Congressional records witness to the gross injustice of the government, and the indifference of a Christian nation.

While our best men in the halls of legislation may have failed to understand the problem, and to realize the wrong being done a factor of the people, the women have been moved by the cruelty, the injustice, the want of acknowledgment of the Indian's personality, and are using their present power to create an intelligent sentiment in favor of a policy

which shall recognize his brotherhood and help him up into a Christian civilization.

The Women's National Indian Association; with headquarters in Philadelphia, having auxiliaries in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, the District of Columbia, Ohio, and Michigan, has already become a recognized power. It began in the spring of 1879 as a Treaty-keeping Committee. Each year its influence has widened and its field of work enlarged. During the past year it has developed plans for school and missionary work as soon as practicable.

ARE any of our readers troubled lest they fail to attend to their home duties as they ought, or as they think is expected of them if they become identified with mission or philanthropic work? 'Tis true that the home is "woman's kingdom," but she rules it best who is most intelligent in regard to the administration of justice, who has the best disciplined spirit, the broadest charity, the kindest heart, and the bravest purpose. How better can these be developed than by the use of our powers and faculties, called into exercise by contact with the world's needs.

"Give and it shall be given unto you" applies not to dollars and cents alone. The use of one's talents in the Master's service, in philanthropy, in reform, in doing good, increases one's ability, often many fold. Try it, dear sisters. Let the basket of mending wait a few hours: go to the mission meeting, run over and read a poem, or the last missionary letter with some friend; talk over the interests of the good work; confer a little while in regard to its progress; and note, if in half the time the clothes are not put in repair, if the children's wants are not answered in a calmer tone, because the spirit has become rested and supported, and the rule of your kingdom is less a burden because by contrast, it may be, you see what a lovely place it is, and how you are honored by God in being put over it. Try this method.

AN earnest woman, whose suggestions are always of a helpful kind, asks if it would not be well to place the names

of the missionaries supported by our society in a line by themselves, because it is so difficult for some to recognize them from those supported by the F. M. Society. We are so much one in this whole work that it scarcely matters which is which, does it? And yet we like to know all we may of our own. The more familiar their names become, the more real will be the interest we have in them, and the more tangible the proofs of it. At Balasore the Woman's Society supports Misses Hattie and Ida Phillips; at the Orphanage at Jellasore, Mrs. D. F. Smith; at Midnapore, Miss Coombs and Miss Mary Bachelor, who is now in this country. At Harper's Ferry it pays the salaries of Mrs. Brackett, Miss Brackett, and Miss Franklin. It also assists in the special work which is done by other missionaries, as the ragged schools and the zenanas testify. There is a call for more workers.

OUR friends, in giving their orders for subscriptions, sometimes apologize for the delay in words like these: "I have been waiting to collect from the individual subscribers before sending. Last year I advanced the pay for several persons, some of which is still unpaid, although in honest hands. This year I cannot do so, for, aside from my own HELPER, I pay for —, who is sick and poor."

Doubtless, we all commend the latter good deed, but cannot think that the former is quite courteous. Even if each subscriber shall help what she can, there is much labor and care for the agent, which cannot be omitted if she does the work faithfully. We have in mind agents who send us thirty or forty names, even more, paying in advance for some of them, charitably excusing those who fail to remember the kindness, The small price charged for the magazine, less than one cent a week, brings it within the reach of almost every one in our churches. Let us cheerfully bear each others burdens, but be careful that we do not let others add our own to theirs.

"Seek not thine own:

Forever giving

Is ever living,

While good endures.

Fruitful, self-sacrifice, to Him the Father sent

Shall get thee all. The world and bright-orbed firmament,

Or life, or death,

Lo! the All Giver, faithful, saith,

'All things are yours.'"

A Model Missionary Meeting.

[BY REV. JOHN E. COX.]

FOR several years I lived among the Indians of our western plains, and had opportunities to become somewhat acquainted with them. It is generally the custom of writers to describe the red people of America as savages, but I wish to tell what I know of them as Christians.

The Sisseton Indians, some years ago, were converted to Christianity, through the labors of zealous missionaries. And they gave best of evidences of being what they professed to be. In fact, when an Indian *is* converted, there is no half-way work about it.

These Indian Christians held a meeting during the year of 1876 to consider what they could do toward the civilization and christianizing of their wild brethren. They held a three-days meeting, in which they resolved to raise what money they could to carry the mission work to the wild tribes. They were few in number and very poor; but they had a spirit to do what they could. *They laid all on the altar.* And when the sum total was counted, there was *two hundred and forty dollars*. Contrast the spirit and sacrifice of these "heathen" Christians with the way we "civilized" Christians do things.

And while these red brethren were so earnestly considering the "ways and means" problem during the three days' conference, the red sisters were not idle. They sewed, made bead-work and Indian trinkets, which were sold to visitors, for which they realized twenty dollars, which was donated to the support of their paper, the *Iapi Oaye* (Word Carrier), published in their own language.

A native preacher was outfitted and started westward to carry the gospel to their benighted brethren. I tried to meet the brother at Standing Rock Agency, but failed so to do.

I have lost sight of these humble Christians, but they live in my memory, and ever will. I wish our people had more of the simple trust and sacrificing spirit of these aboriginal Christians, and that they had more of the comforts of life and educational advantages of their white brethren.

HAMPTON, W. VA.

"THE cheerful are the busy. When trouble knocks at the door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word you are engaged."

Reminiscences.

[BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.]

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

The latter part of the year 1855, found our missionaries out in the country on their preaching tours. Mr. and Mrs. Smith pitched their tent for a few days in Dantoon — now one of our mission stations. "This is the place," wrote Mr. Smith, "where our dear Brother Phillips and other missionary brethren have often pitched their tents, and although it is a notoriously wicked place, still we see the effect of their labors, which is a demonstration of the power and efficacy of the Gospel to soften the rude customs and practices of the blindest and most obdurate pagan." On going to the bazar he was greatly surprised to find an interesting school of boys and *girls*! — a rare occurrence in Hindu schools. Said the missionary: 'We did not fail to congratulate this teacher for receiving into his school, contrary to the custom of his country, little girls, and teaching them to read and write. We told him of the schools in our own country, where there is no distinction made in the education of boys and girls. He listened to our account with much interest. Next morning he came to our tent bringing his whole school with him, and seemed anxious to obtain our books. Having given him and his scholars as many as we thought advisable, to our annoyance, though in perfect keeping with the native character, he began to tease for presents. Instead of gratefully acknowledging favors received, it appears to a Hindu reason enough why you should give to him, because you have done so previously.'

It is not surprising that missionaries have seasons of despondence in view of the immediate visible results of their labors. In such an hour, the last day of the year 1885, Mr. Cooley wrote thus to the corresponding secretary:

"Another year of missionary labor has passed away, and we are deeply humbled before God in view of the fact that, surrounded by thousands of benighted idolaters, we have seen almost none of them turning to God during the year now closing. This fact has often pained my heart, and I have been led, time after time, to inquire, why so little success?

I confess myself unable to answer the question. We are trying to do what we can, in the name of the Lord, for the salvation of this people. We know it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of God, that these dry bones could be made alive. Still the Lord works by means.

"I have been out in the country with the native preachers most of the time for several weeks, making known the Gospel to those who would not otherwise hear it. My work has been very laborious, preaching twice every day, and attending markets almost daily. Two miles north of Banarger, the place of our camp, I witnessed a scene, which — though I had witnessed similar ones a score of times — most deeply impressed me with the fact that I was in a heathen land. The "chowdekar" (watchmen) came to me, saying that a Bengali widow who had been to see Juggernaut fell ill, and her relatives, leaving her, had gone on, and they begged me to give her medicine. I did so, but she was too far gone to be benefited by it. Next morning, on my way to the bazar to preach, I passed her dead body lying in the road by the side of the shops. Some one asked who it was lying there. 'Only a Bengali widow pilgrim,' was the reply. The bazar sweeper, one of the lowest caste, came, and, fastening a rope around her neck, dragged her away to a field near the main road, and there left her to be devoured by the dogs and vultures. In the afternoon, on passing the road, I saw them devouring the body, and on my return at evening, I saw that the vultures and dogs, in their contention for their prey, had dragged what remained of the body quite into the road.

"At Alipore market, one of Juggernaut's pandas did his utmost to prevent the people from hearing. To show us that Juggernaut had the most followers, he said he would hurrah for Juggernaut, and we might for Jesus Christ; and, suiting the action to the word, he began shouting 'Hurry Bol' — a name given Juggernaut. A hundred voices responded. We told him we did not test our religion in that way; but without stopping to hear, he left, much to our relief. These pandas are the most wicked and hopeless characters we meet. There are thousands of them connected with the great temple at Pooree, who travel all over India to induce the people to go on pilgrimage to see Juggernaut. And they make it a very lucrative business. Full well they know that the efforts of missionaries are against their craft, hence their inveterate hatred to them and the Gospel.

"In the morning, on going to the bazar, we found a shop-keeper, who told us he had read our books for a long time, and had become convinced of the truth of the Christian religion and the falsity of Hinduism. I urged him to come out and publicly profess his faith in Christianity. He said the reason he did not was because he was dependent on his shop for the support of himself and his family, and that if he became a Christian, no one would buy anything of him, that all the other shop-keepers would combine against him to prevent travelers and others from trading with him. He said he cared little for the abuse, and scorn, and contempt they might put upon him, but that it was a hard thing to cut off the means of his livelihood. I tried to show him that it would be a much more fearful calamity for him to lose his soul, that it would be much better for him to become a Christian and save his soul, if he did have to suffer and had to beg for his living; furthermore, if he could not live by his shop, he might turn to some other employment. But to change his occupation is what a Hindu seldom thinks of doing. Whatever his father did, that he must do. He followed me to our camp to converse further about the Christian religion. May the Lord lead him to forsake all for Christ. I doubt whether Judaism or Catholicism ever imposed half so strong barriers in the way of proselytism. Hinduism has had time to mature most thoroughly under a tropical sun for more than two thousand years. It is hoary with age, and is giving signs of dotage and decay. The persevering efforts of missionaries are surely undermining the mighty fabric, and it must fall, but with so few laborers in the field, it will take a long time to accomplish it. What are 400 missionaries to 200,000,000 of benighted souls! Some whole districts are without a single missionary. One district has 10,000,000, and not a single laborer!"

MISSIONARIES often tell of the ludicrous mistakes they make when beginning to speak in a foreign language. A missionary to India wishing to quote the beautiful text, "In my Father's house are many mansions," unintentionally informed his audience that "In my Father's house there is much butter." Another translated the first line of the hymn, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," so that it read, "O for a thousand sausages."

Patience.

[BY MAY PRESTON.]

God's angel Patience walks with folded wings
And tender eyes, whose tears are never shed;
Her hands too busy doing little things
To leave their labor even to lift in prayer.
Fulfilling quietly each common care,
O'er suffering sin she bends her hallowed head.

Rarely she rests over her task undone,
Night's prison doors her trustful touch unbars.
No weary watch for the unrisen sun
Is hers; she does not lift her longing eyes
Toward tardy glories of the eastern skies—
But dreams of Dawn, and works on 'neath the stars.

SABETHA, KANSAS.

Prayer of a Zenana Woman.

[This prayer was the utterance of the pupil of a missionary in the northern part of India. Her teacher says, "I ask that all who read the prayer of the poor Hindu lady may pray for her, that though she has no hope of escape for herself from her prison, yet the light of God may shine in upon her and fill her heart with joy."]

O, LORD, hear my prayer! No one has turned an eye on the oppression that we, poor women, suffer, though with weeping, and crying, and desire we have turned to all sides, hoping that some one would save us. No one has lifted up his eyelids to look upon us, or inquire into our case. We have searched above and below, but Thou art the only one who wilt hear our complaint. Thou knowest our impotence, our degradation, our dishonor. O, Lord, inquire into our case. For ages, dark ignorance has brooded over our minds and spirits; like a cloud of dust it rises and wraps us round, and we are like prisoners in an old and mouldering house, choked and buried in the dust of custom, and we have no strength to get out. Bruised and beaten, we are like the dry husks of the sugar-cane when the sweet juice has been extracted. All-knowing God, hear our prayer; forgive our sins, and give us power of escape, that we may see something of thy world. O, Father, when shall we be set free from this jail! For what sin have we been born in this prison? From thy throne of judgment justice flows, but it does

not reach us in this, our life-long misery ; only injustice comes near us. O, thou Hearer of prayer, if we have sinned against Thee, forgive ; but we are too ignorant to know what sin is. Must the punishment of sin fall upon those who are too ignorant to know what sin is ? O, great Lord, our name is written with drunkards, with lunatics, with imbeciles, with the very animals ; as they are not responsible, we are not. Criminals confined in jails are happier than we, for they know something of thy world. They were not born in prison ; but we have not, for one day, no, not for an hour, even in our dreams, seen thy world, and what we have not seen, we cannot imagine. To us, it is nothing but a name ; and not having seen thy world, we cannot know Thee, its Maker. Those who have seen thy works may learn to understand Thee, but for us, who are shut in, it is not possible to know Thee. We can only see the four walls of the house. Shall we call them the world or India ? We have been born in this jail ; we have died here, and are dying. O, Father of the world, hast thou not created us ? Dost thou care only for men ? Hast thou no thought for us women ? Why hast thou created us male and female ? O, Almighty, hast thou not power to make us other than we are, that we too might have some share in the comforts of this life. The cry of the oppressed is heard even in the world. Then, canst thou look upon our victim hosts and shut thy doors of justice ? O, God Almighty and Unapproachable, think upon thy mercy, which is like a vast sea, and remember us. Have our sighs sufficed to exhaust this sea of mercy ? or has it been dried up by the fire of fierce oppression with which the Hindu men have scorched us ? Have they — the Hindu men — drunk up, by some one's mistake, that portion of the water of immortality, which should refresh our weary spirits ? O, Lord, save us, for we cannot bear our hard lot ; many of us have killed ourselves, and we are still killing ourselves. O, God of mercies, our prayer to Thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India. Create in the hearts of the men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longings, that, saved by thy mercy, we may taste something of the joys of life.

“ JAPANESE law requires that when a person cuts down a tree he shall at once plant another. We should try to keep the world as good as we found it.”

A Contribution-Box Transformed.

[BY BELLE W. HUME.]

IT was the Sabbath for a semi-annual contribution to the Home Missionary Society, of which announcement had been made a week previous. According to her usual custom, Mrs. Whitcomb expected to put fifty cents into the box. If the amount seemed small to others, her conscience was quieted by a thought of two dollars paid annually to the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, which was auxiliary to the other. "There are so many objects for benevolence, so many calls nowadays, one must plan justly for all, and not rob Peter to pay Paul," was a favorite saying with Mrs. Whitcomb.

One habit of this lady was to look over a collector's book before pledging a first subscription to any cause. If the amount credited to most subscribers was fifty cents or a dollar, she accepted this as the limit of payment for herself, without any comparison of her ability with the majority of supporters. No special pleas, no suggestions to "double contributions," or presentation of urgent needs moved her to increased and occasional large-hearted giving. "One must never be governed by impulse in these matters," was often urged in explanation; "in charity, as in everything else, I am controlled by judgment and experience."

It was most fortunate that the "regular fee" paid by his wife was not infrequently supplemented by Judge Whitcomb with substantial donations. These were always signed "from a friend," to escape the imputation of prodigality and unsound judgment from his *better half*. To prevent unwarrantable liberality the Judge's wife often took precaution to sound her husband upon his intentions shortly before a stated collection, and advised as to the amount to be given. Knowing his special leaning toward home missions, the prudent lady felt some misgivings upon the Sabbath in question. So, as they were about starting for church, she casually reminded her husband of the collection — as if there were any need — adding, "I have some change in my purse if you have none."

The Judge had, on the previous evening, taken special care to empty his pocket of all coin, in anticipation of the coming collection. For how could he drop change into the box if he hadn't any! The good man had been reprimanded upon several occasions for depositing a bill. "It is as well to give dollars where your name is signed and there is some account-

ability ; but small coin will do as well for the box," had been the instruction.

In deep chagrin the would-be-generous man turned to his wife, unequal to the emergency. She guessed the secret, but purposely misinterpreted his silence, and bantered him upon forgetting his favorite collection adding, " Never mind, I have enough for us both ; how much do you want ?"

" Oh, I have money enough with me, but you can let me have a half dollar if you like," was the reply, made with such apparent sincerity that the schemer was puzzled. The silver piece was handed over with much self querying : " Does anybody suppose he'll really give only half a dollar ? There is hope of reformation in the most stubborn if John is at last become prudent."

The choir usually rendered some incomprehensible " voluntary," but the opening of service that day was very unusual : a simple gospel hymn was sung. From a sweet voice the words directly fell upon Mrs. Whitcomb's ear:

I gave, I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
I gave, I gave My life for thee :
What hast thou given for Me ?

The prayers which followed were embodiments of two petitions : that the people might be ready to make large and grateful return for the blessings of salvation, and be enabled to regard the Lord's work with a spirit purified from selfishness and avarice. After the reading of notices, the pastor said, " The collection to-day will be taken after the sermon. Let us, my dear people consider together our duty and privilege in the matter of giving to the Lord. Let us look at the urgent need for increased liberality in every part of the vineyard, and *then* make unto the Master a free-will offering both sweet and acceptable."

Thinking of her husband's unaccountable conduct ; of the opening hymn, with its refrain still echoing through her mind, and of the unusual postponement of the collection till the close of service, Mrs. Whitcomb did not pay much heed to the discourse. Meditation during the sermon is ever a potent soporific, and such it proved.

It was most natural that her waking thoughts should follow Mrs. Whitcomb in sleep, and that she should, in dreams, see good old Deacon Bemen come down the aisle to gather the " tithes into the storehouse." The dreamer very vividly went through the form of taking a half dollar from her pocket, and

lifting it to the extended box, when lo—it was a box no longer! With chilled heart the astonished lady saw the hard lifeless wood assume the appearance of living flesh. It was a hand now, and from its pierced veins flowed drops of blood. Looking up she beheld a form like unto the Son of God, with a face which betokened a knowledge of grief and acquaintance with sorrows. Almost paralyzed with remorse the sleeper cried, “Have mercy upon me, oh, Lord! I am not worthy to put aught into my Saviour’s hand.”

With pained and pleading look these words were spoken

I gave my life for thee;
Wilt thou give naught to Me?

Quickly the half dollar was thrown away by the trembling listener, and a coin of gold was laid instead upon the bleeding palm. As the shining bit touched the wound the flow of blood was lessened. In the attitude of divine benediction the Lord Christ thus spoke: “Disciple, thou hast wrought a good work upon Me. The tears of my people must be wiped away; the nations must be purged from sin; the gospel of good tidings must sound in every ear before this bleeding wound can be wholly healed. Blessed be they who hasten on the day!”

Deep organ tones wakened the sleeper when the collection was about to be taken. Clutching at her husband’s arm, Mrs. Whitcomb whispered, eagerly, “John, you *won’t* put in that fifty cents, will you? Why, dear, it’s the hand of the Lord!” In bewilderment the judge looked at his agitated wife, who pleaded again: “I mean the contribution-box, John; it is the hand of Christ, our Lord! Could you lay a few cents upon it?” “No, wife,” was the joyous reply, “I will give fifteen dollars.” “Very well, and I’ll give as much more.”

Was it his wife who thus spoke, the very same who had outwitted him in the morning? Yes, the very same woman renewed. She had seen the Lord and heard His words; she had learned the deep meaning of the Saviour’s “inasmuch.” Never again would good judgment keep her from ministering to her crucified Redeemer, through the poor, the sorrowing, and the benighted. The contribution-box had been transformed; but still more wonderful and blessed was the transformation which had taken place in one of the King’s daughters!—*The Congregationalist*.

“The people rejoiced for that they offered willingly.”

Correspondence.

[FROM MRS. E. C. JENNESS.]

FROM THE SOUTHLAND.

FIRST the sowing, then the waiting. This truth a Father's hand has written everywhere, given it as a lesson that those who work or watch may read and learn; always the blade and the ear before the golden grain is ready for the harvest.

If it takes months and years for the perfection of seed sown in the natural soil, how much more patient waiting is demanded of those who labor to implant principles of truth in hearts where sin and ignorance have always ruled?

The teachers at Harper's Ferry tell us that the present year has not been one of special spiritual ingathering, but may they not feel assured this has been because the "Lord of the harvest" saw need of *deeper, stronger* root-growing?

Soon, *very soon*, this band of students are to leave these halls, this influence, and stand face to face with the world and all its evils. Then will be felt the reflex influence of this deep, soil-growing season. If only grounded in Christ, far better will they meet and conquer all the wiles brought against them, than though they came directly from a term of special *interest* with no time for root growth.

Not without great and glorious results are such years. They are like straight lines, which never deviate.

Thoughtfully and calmly a few have arisen in the prayer-meetings, and said, "We desire to be Christians." To-day, they are rejoicing in sins forgiven. Others, alone in their rooms, are thinking of and deciding the great question whether or not they take the "Lord's side."

One of the young ladies was asked not long ago, "Are all Christians in your room?" "Oh, no," she replied; "only myself. But *every day* we talk of these things; the girls are trying to come to Jesus."

Certainly, most of the students here are not unmindful of their responsibilities. Success awaits them. A word spoken, now and then, for the Master, with a consistent *every-day* life, is always seed-sowing, and in due time will receive an abundant reward.

E. C. J.

HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VA.

[FROM MRS. JEREMIAH PHILLIPS.]

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.*

I feel as if I had got home. Nellie is in good health and so am I, with the exception of a very troublesome cough that allows me to talk but little, as my throat is so tender. As soon as that is better, I am hoping to work for our people.

I am fearing that our ladies at home will feel no little discouragement at the return of Miss Hooper, but there was no safety in her stay here. She was very sorry to leave her work, and her decision to do so only came at the last safe day to go in company with Mrs. Phillips and the children. They have a good captain, and a nice Christian doctor as a fellow-passenger, who will render all needed attention, and I hope all will reach our father-land in safety, and be much improved by the voyage.

Our Heavenly Father no doubt has some great and important lesson to teach us in thus taking from us these dear ones, and I hope that lesson may be learned. But how we are to carry on all this work, or fill these vacant places, we have not yet learned. Dear Mary is a host within herself, and though Miss Coombs has taken Mary's work, and promises, as a worker, to be all that could be asked of any one, yet at present, she has not her experience nor her knowledge of the language. The latter, however, she is learning rapidly, pronounces beautifully, and sings it like an old Indian, though I presume she understands but a small part of what she sings; still it helps her and everybody who hears. Our ladies sent a real treasure when they bade good-bye to Miss Coombs. The use of Bengali comes slowly to Miss Millar, but I doubt if a more enthusiastic, devoted worker could be found among us. She seems never discouraged, and never to tire of the work. I hope she may long be spared to us and this needy field. Who is to live and work with Mrs. Smith, is a question that ought soon to be settled, but how is it to be done? True, we can see her much oftener than we could while we were living at Danton, but this does not meet the necessity.

O how we do need men, *men*, MEN! We all like Brother Griffin and hope he will prove to be just the man needed, but I am very sorry to see his wife looking so frail. Both have had a little fever. Ida is in good health, and much as she needs ac-

*Our readers will remember that Mrs. Phillips and her daughter Nellie have been transferred from Danton to Santipore, the former home of Mrs. Phillips.

quaintance with our people and the world, I am glad she is still with us, for there is no one to take her place. Hattie, poor girl, comes down with fever every few weeks, and cannot endure exposure or overwork. . . . Pray for us.

SANTIPORE, Feb. 23, 1884.

[FROM MISS COOMBS.]

"INS AND OUTS."

MY DEAR MRS. ——— : I am sitting in Mrs. Phillips' sitting-room snatching a few minutes between whiles for just a few words with you. I have quite fully made over the zenana work to Mrs. Griffin, and am now trying to get somewhat initiated into the ins and outs of the Industrial, as I shall either have the whole care of that when Mrs. Phillips goes, or share it with Miss Millar, so am trying to learn the programme, and it is bewildering, in its many changes from one kind of work to another. Some classes are reading or reciting, another is learning to sew, another to make rope, another to saw, plane, or drive nails — something in carpenter's work ; — then they must all change about, those who are sewing go to read, and those who are making rope, to sew, or *vice versa*, any way so that some of them are all the time busy and the industries going on.

Back again in my own room. I have got straw matting on the floor, and it *is* so much better than the bare, black stone floor — not stone, either — but a kind of mason-work. Then I have changed the furniture about so that it suits me much better, and, with the care given into Mrs. Griffin's hands, myself only a boarder, no more alone, but children in the house — how can I help being happy? They have had straw matting put on the principal rooms, which makes the house itself seem cheery, and unbleached cotton, bordered with turkey red, for curtains at the doors of the sitting-room, make it all the brighter. As one of my doors leads to the sitting-room, I have the benefit of that same turkey red in my room. Mrs. Griffin takes up her work like an "old hand," and Mr. Griffin like an *American*, which means, with "push."

Yet amid all these causes for happiness, sadness will come when we allow ourselves to think that Mrs. Phillips and the children are to leave us. They are all out in camp with Dr. Phillips at Danamari just now, but we expect them in this

week. I am glad they have this opportunity of being by themselves as a family, even if it is in a tent only, for here in their own home others are constantly coming and going, and there is always so much to do on hand, that quiet talks by themselves are almost an impossibility, and who knows when they will meet again after this separation? . . .

Miss Coombs, in writing to her brother, after referring to the leaving of the missionaries, says: "Yes, there seems to be missionaries in preparation. Thank God for that, but it makes me groan to think of the years that must go by before they can be lifting at this mighty burden of human souls so deep in the mire of idolatry and degradation."

MIDNAPORE, January, 1884.

[FROM MISS IDA PHILLIPS.]

AN EVENING WITH THE ORPHAN BOYS.

(*Extract from a private letter.*)

I can sympathize with your delight in making your boys happy. I've just spent an evening with mine. Who are they? Well, the Balasore Boys' Orphanage, once an institution of much size and importance, has, so to speak, grown up and gotten married, to that extent that there now remain only five boys, all under thirteen years of age, and with them one little girl, the sister of one of the boys. An old woman cooks and cares for them, or is supposed to do the latter, and they live in a house in the Compound.

On this occasion Sister Hattie played the organ, and we sang a number of hymns. The chief enjoyment I found in this part of the programme was the watching of little Ruth's face. She and her brother are Santals, and retain their national taste and ear for music. Oriyas are stupid about that. They cannot, as a general thing, recognize the most familiar tune if it is played on one of our instruments. The little Santal boy recognized everything which was played that evening. He and I sang, accompanied by the instrument, and it would have done you good to have seen the look of loving admiration in Ruth's face as she stood there holding on to her side of the book and gazing up into his face. She is decidedly black, but her face fairly shone. Napa, her brother, seemed to appreciate her devotion. After the singing we played "Blind Man's Buff," "Hide the Spool," and other games. We treated them to popped rice and sweets, and sent them away happy.

I feel so anxious to have the children do well, always, but there are so many adverse influences that I am sure I don't think that anything short of a miracle can save them ; still nothing short of that saves any one of us. This is the last week of our term of school ; we have then a little over a week's vacation for the Dasara Jatra. That means the Hindu festival in honor of the goddess Kali, or Durga. With the Hindus this festival is observed something the way our Thanksgiving is, that is in this respect, that every one expects to go home and have a grand good time. In many of the richest families a figure of the goddess is prepared, elaborately decorated, and is worshiped for several days.

The last day of the festival she is thrown into the waters of some river or tank. This last is done in the evening, and there is usually a procession and fire-works.

BALASORE, INDIA.

[EXTRACTS FROM MISS FRENCH'S LETTER.]

FAITH MISSION HOUSE,
BASIM, WEST BERAR, INDIA, Dec. 11, 1883. }

DEAR DR. CULLIS: Although I have written so many letters, I feel as if I had said nothing yet that would convey any idea of the vastness of the work to be done here, the glorious opportunities, nor of the joy of being engaged in it. Nor can I. When I gaze into the faces of people who are listening to the gospel message for the first time, and see them, as I did at Nagaradas, standing literally with open eyes, mouth and ears drinking in the "good news," my soul is stirred with varied emotions. God knows why so many people are permitted to be born, grow up, and die of old age, without ever having heard one word of the way of life and salvation, and He knows, if we do not, who is to blame for it. I sometimes wonder why He does not turn the Christian world out into the heathen world, and compel them by some providence to scatter among the nations with their treasure. Is it because He wants only those who are "cheerful givers" of themselves to this work? Is it because, instead of saying "Go!" He asks, "Who will go for us?" and waits for the loyal response, "Here am I ; send me." Or is it that He calls, and the ears of Christians are so filled with the world's din that they do not hear, or will not obey?

The little interest in missions to the heathen which I thought

I had when at home seems almost nothing compared to the way I feel now that I am amongst a people who have never heard even the name of Jesus, nor one word about what He came to earth for; and I rejoice more and more that I have been permitted to come here as an ambassador for Christ, although I realize my unworthiness and unlikeness to Him who has called me, and my need of divine furnishing for the work. Now that I stand face to face with the power of evil, which so binds and sways the people of this land, human effort seems like a broken reed, with which it is worse than useless to try and overcome it; and that holiness, with which alone God's power can dwell, stands out as the one thing to be followed after, — "to lay down all for." And one object I have in writing this letter is to ask you to pray that my heart may be emptied of its own unrighteousness, and so filled with the spirit of holiness that it can become a place from which God's life and light may shine out in this darkness.

Of course, in Basim many of the people have heard the gospel story, and in many villages and towns where Miss Wheeler has preached, but at Nagaradas the people came from all the country about, some of them from long distances. Many of them heard the words of life for the first, some of them probably for the last, time. God is surely working. Miss Wheeler has had the promise given her that "men of stature" shall be converted, and out from the people they must ere long come. Already there is "a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." — *From Times of Refreshing.*

A Good Work.

OUR esteemed friend and correspondent, Ida Hazleton, whom we introduce to some already familiar with her earnest spirit, as the only daughter of the Rev. J. Fullonton, D. D., of Bates Theological School, writes of a good work being done by one of our devoted women, and adds some suggestive thoughts. She says: "A member of our auxiliary is conducting a prayer-meeting each Monday evening in a block of one of the mill corporations, and has also gathered a class of women into the Sunday School, from the same locality.

I like to record this good deed of one of our most zealous workers in the mission cause, because it is an account of *voluntary* labor cheerfully performed. The lady has taken

up this happy duty directly for Jesus, and because she loves to do good, and not because she is a member of an organization whose special work is to look after this class of persons. At present, in our crude way of carrying on the work of the Lord, it seems necessary to form societies. We seem to need the inspiration of human contact to spur us up to benevolent operations. And just here lies our greatest danger which threatens *individual, voluntary* self-sacrifice. How long is that good time to be delayed when we shall have that boldness of Christian faith which steps firmly up to the very altar of God, *alone*, whether there be any other generous soul or not, and there leaves its gift of gratitude!

Our societies are doing a work now that can be done in no other way so well, but is not their mission only to prepare us for a higher and better way of service? I believe it is, and that while now the noise and rumble of our various society-wheels make it necessary that we watch ourselves carefully, lest we spend all our labor on keeping the machinery running, and give our gifts to save the society, by-and-by love shall take the management, and then shall we know of the blessedness which follows from the Divine method of giving, and "doing good."

Personal Items.

A LETTER from Mrs. Phillips, dated London, April 3, says: "I just want to tell you that we have had a very safe and peaceful voyage, for which I know you will thank Him who has so mercifully saved us, and will remember us across the boisterous Atlantic. We hope to sail (D. V.) April 8, in the 'Republic,' White Star Line, and reach New York City about the 18th." [Just as the HELPER goes to press, the daily papers announce the arrival of the steamer.]

It gives us pain to mention the sudden death of Mrs. Stacey, the wife of the Rev. T. H. Stacey, the corresponding secretary of the Foreign Mission Society. There is another vacancy here. There is a new voice in the upper choir. Mr. Stacey will have the sympathy and prayers of all our readers.

In the *Morning Star* for April 16, is a valuable letter from the Rev. Mr. Coldren, of Balasore. It should be read by every Free Baptist.

Gleanings.

A PRIZE of \$75.00 is given annually to the male scholar of highest standing in Greek in the High School at Newport, R. I. The best examination last year was by the daughter of George Rice, the colored steward of the steamer "Pilgrim." As she could not receive the prize, not being eligible, a gentleman from New York sent her that amount in gold. Honor to the gentleman, and a change in the restrictions of award!—*American Missionary*.

Good authority says: "A poor Congregational church in Connecticut, enfeebled by depletion, sent a letter, some fifty years ago, written by one of its deacons, pleading earnestly for help. Said he: 'We are in the midst of a struggle. The enemy are bold and defiant, error is striving to get hold of our meeting-house. It is a question of life or death with us. We must have the sympathy and help of the neighboring churches from your treasury, or we are not sure we can live.' Aid was granted and continued for about twenty-five years, to the extent of \$1,805, in the course of which twenty-five years that church put eight young men into the ministry, all good men, one of whom was President Hickok, of Union College. At the end of these twenty-five years the Lord blessed them with a powerful revival which put the church on its feet, and it now has over three hundred members, and is one of the best churches in the state."

People who, with our improved postal service, have the letter-box on the street corner, can hardly appreciate the isolation of a missionary on the Congo, in Africa. He writes: "I intend starting off again this afternoon to post the news." To do it he had to walk one hundred and forty miles, and then sail over one hundred down the river in a boat.

Some people say the missionary spirit in the churches is dying out. The fact that the sums contributed by the various Protestant churches have increased in eighty years from \$240,000 to \$6,250,000 does not confirm the assertion.

"This one thing I do." You'll do it well, then; there will be no failure! Mr. Moody says Christian workers should always have two words before them—*consecration* and *concentration*. If you attempt too many things, there will be a failure somewhere. The "one thing" well done is better than many half done. Devotion knows no failure.—*Exchange*.

It is a very common thing for the Christians to pray that the Lord will add his blessings to their works, as if they went ahead and the Lord followed after? A Christian's daily prayer should be that he may know what the Lord would have him do. A Christian's daily work should be the doing of what the Lord sets him at. There is never any doubt about the blessing when that order of service is observed.—*Sunday School Times*.

The London Missionary Society has two ships that sail between its stations in New Guinea, two in Africa, and one in the South Seas.

Missionary Literature.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a thing ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. SCHAUFFLER, by Mrs. Douglas Putnam, begins a series of brief biographies of American Heroes on Mission Fields, edited by the Rev. Dr. C. Hayden. Mrs. Schauffler was a missionary of the American Board, first in Constantinople, and afterward in Austria among the Bohemians, the most difficult field occupied by the Board. Hers was a most intense and devoted life, and she went home triumphantly. Records of such lives are inspiring. These sketches are published by the American Tract Society, New York.

THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY during nineteen centuries, exhibited in a series of Charts and Numerical Tables, by A. O. Van Lennep and the Rev. A. F. Schauffler, presents in a compact form much religious data of the human race since A. D. 1, to A. D. 1880. The book has but nine printed pages and seven of colored charts and tables, yet it is crowded with information. The tables will be helpful to pastors in the monthly concerts, and their presentation may become an incentive to greater interest in missions on the part of the church. Mr. Van Lennep, one of the authors, was well known to Sunday School workers, as the "Oriental Lecturer."

The book is sent by the publishers, post-paid, on receipt of the price, 75 cents. Address, A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York City.

Topic for Monthly Meeting.

"THEN shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rere-ward."—ISAIAH lviii., 8.

"Let thine own word of tenderness
Drop on them from above;
Its music shall the lone heart bless,
Its touch shall heal with love."

THE edition of the leaflet for Mission Bands has been exhausted for some time. In expectation that there will be a fund with which to print such necessary helps, the committee are issuing another, and the orders in hand will soon be filled. The new constitution for Yearly and Quarterly Meeting Societies is about to be printed.

A WORD to the friends everywhere is, seek to find more readers of this magazine, and add every name possible to its subscription list. The months hasten along, half the year is almost gone, and some subscriptions are still unrenewed.

Words from Home Workers.

MAINE.

Notwithstanding deep snows, followed by a "thaw," a goodly number gathered at So. Dover to attend the Quarterly Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary Missionary Society. In the absence of the president, the vice-president occupied the chair. The meeting was opened by singing "We'll work till Jesus comes." Then select portions of Scripture were read by Miss Annie Bryant, followed by prayer by the Rev. B. D. Newell. The records of last meeting were read by the secretary, then we listened to the recitation of a poem by Miss Lottie Jennison, entitled, "The Divine Healer." The congregation then joined in singing, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," and next came the recitation of a poem by Miss Maud Farrer, entitled, "The Last Command." Then a very interesting essay, written for the occasion by Mrs. J. R. Martin, was read by Miss Eva Martin; the inspiring words were listened to with marked attention. A collection was taken at the close. After the meeting, one good old brother said: "In the past I have not been much interested in missions, but suppose it was because I did not know much about them. I think I shall have more interest in the future." One pleasing feature of our meeting was, the parts were all taken by young ladies, and their earnest words will not soon be forgotten.

MRS. M. R. WADE.

Miss Chatto, secretary of the Ellsworth Q. M. Society, writes of a public meeting held at the March session, which met at Dedham. Among the interesting features was a letter from Dr. Nellie Phillips. Bad weather hindered a large attendance, but a collection of nearly six dollars encouraged the workers.

NEW YORK.

The February session of the Cattaraugus Q. M. was held with the Elton church. The W. M. meeting on Saturday evening was well attended. There were three recitations by young ladies, and several by the little people. Remarks by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Brooks, and by the president, were followed by the reading of Mrs. Griffin's letter in the January HELPER. As Mr. and Mrs. Griffin were with us at the September session, when we raised fifty dollars toward their outfit, all were deeply interested in this first letter from her. At the close we received a collection of \$5.73, which did not seem to lessen the regular Q. M. collection on Sunday, as that was \$9.10. We also secured subscriptions for ten copies of the HELPER.

We feel that there has been some *real progress* made the past year, and are encouraged to "sow beside all waters," knowing that if we do not see the fruit, the labor *will not* be in vain.

I thank God that He is putting it in the hearts of the dear sisters, here and there, to organize for more and better work for Him.

The Troy, Penn., Q. M., at its February session, organized a Q. M. W. M. Society. Miss La Ville D. Landon, East Canton, Penn., is its secretary and treasurer. I did not learn the name of the president.

Also the Spafford, N. Y., Q. M., Mrs. W. M. Hinman, Dresserville, Cayuga Co., president; Miss Jennie V. Laselle, Summer Hill, secretary; Miss Sarah Sears, Moravia, treasurer.

Dear Sisters of the Central Association, shall there not be an advance *all along the line* in mission work this year? Cannot each member of the association be induced to give at least the "two cents a week, and a prayer," for mission work, *home or foreign*? Can we not *each one* of us who are interested in this work, to arise and bring into active service *one* of the careless or indifferent ones? This would double our working force and be a great gain. Let us not sit down in the wilderness in fear of giants in the way, but "be strong and of good courage," for we are able to go up and possess the land.

MRS. A. C. MCKOON, *Secretary.*

We are grateful for thoughts like the following from the earnest devoted ones. Interchange of thought is helpful; let there be more of it, and we shall come nearer to each other:

Our Auxiliary Missionary Society in Phoenix is trying to work while the day lasts. We are now taking twenty-four copies of the *MISSIONARY HELPER*, and my heart is filled with gratitude for the sacrifices of time, brain-labor, and earnest, fervent prayers given to its pages. God be thanked that we have so many zealous, untiring, self-sacrificing women, who are working for the good of those across the deep waters, who are sending to us the same beseeching cry for help which they of Macedonia sent to Paul. We rejoiced with thankfulness when we read that the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society had raised, the past year, \$4,486 46, for the work of spreading the Gospel. And yet we are saddened that the number engaged in this work is so small compared with what it might be and ought to be. Surely, they who dare sit quietly in their easy chairs beside their pleasant firesides, withholding their prayers and labors, and tightly grasping their money,—while the Master's last command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is sounding in their ears, cannot expect to hear it said to them in the great day, "You have done what you could."

God put it into the hearts of the wise men to carry gold as a gift at Christ's birth, because gold was needed. His cause still needs it, and let us labor more zealously and diligently, to instill and cultivate in our churches and Sabbath-school classes, a spirit of self-denial, larger giving, and more fervent prayer for the spread of the Gospel, both at home and abroad. Even the thought of Mrs. Libbie Griffin's return to India stirs the hearts of the children. How much more ought ours of riper years to be moved, and to glow with love for this cause, and with thankfulness for the precious privilege of being permitted to work for its promotion.

AN AUXILIARY MEMBER.

Saturday evening, February 16, the Society of the Seneca and Huron Quarterly Meeting held a very interesting public service at the Venice Church. The exercises were opened with scriptural reading and prayer by Mrs. J. W. Michener, Miss Libbie Huffman following in prayer. Miss Belle Michener read a very appropriate selection entitled, "Are Missionaries Beneficiaries." F. C. Hamilton also read a selection, entitled "Some Women's Ways." Brief and encouraging addresses were made by Brothers Eastman, Owen, and Waller. A collection was taken which amounted to \$2.14.

Again it gives pleasure to note that one person thoroughly in possessing the spirit of missions in her own heart, will be he

others. Mrs. Hyatt has more than once accompanied her order with words like these: "They have never been taken in this church before." To this she adds a brief statement in regard to the little church at Gains, "over which the kind Father has watched, and listened to the prayers of the faithful few who have cried unto Him for more laborers, and is now sending to them reinforcements. Our work seems small, but I trust we are building upon the Rock. Several have expressed the desire to do something for missions, and we have begun. We need \$2,000 to place our church properly where it should be." "He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

IOWA.

Mrs. Sheldon writes from Compton that there is some interest in her church,—that collections are taken once a quarter for missionary purposes. Recently one was taken for Mrs. Phillips' return. She desires to visit some of the neighboring churches, to beget an increased interest in this good cause.

KANSAS.

There is some interest among our sisters in this place, the Mt. Pleasant church,—on the subject of missions. Our society is in a country place, and families somewhat scattered, consequently we cannot keep up auxiliary meetings. But we have some who desire to contribute for the good of others, and it is hoped the time will soon come when more may see in the true light that the field is the world, and will work with zeal and love for the Master. So long as there is a soul unsaved in our own land, or on foreign shores, our Lord calls, "give ye them to eat," and He has a tax on all things rightfully His own. As David wisely said, "O Lord, our God, all this store that we have prepared to build thee a house for thy holy name cometh of thine hand, and is all thine own."

MRS. S. P. BELDEN.

MICHIGAN.

The question is frequently asked, "Why is not Michigan news published oftener in the *HELPER*?" Simply because no arbitrary rule has been established regarding it. Any missionary worker throughout our state may send such local items of interest as she may deem an encouragement to the cause. An annual report of our state work never fails to appear in the *HELPER*, but this does not satisfy the demands. Hereafter, we propose to report in full the doings of each individual Q. M., so far as is reported to us every quarter, with such other news as may be cheering.

The light of the Van Buren Q. M. never wanes, so far as the spirit of giving is concerned. Mrs. Prater reports \$20.28 this quarter. What can be done to make the *HELPER* better known in this Q. M.?

The Genesee Society is one of the most vigorous in the state. Mrs. Wheeler writes that they raised last year \$154.23, apportioned as follows: H. M. \$48.25, F. M. \$42.09, E. S. \$12.83.

A contribution seldom fails from River Raisin Q. M., although Mrs. Brower reports but two auxiliaries. They remit \$7.61 this quarter, and take seven copies of the *HELPER*. This sister's zeal is untiring, though laboring with so few in number. She closes a communication with, "hoping that the time is not far distant when the light of the Gospel will illumine the world."

Grand Rapids Q. M. is one of the strongholds of the state. Mrs. Bailey reports the amount of \$80.00 for the past two quarters. New life has been infused into the public meetings of late, by means of a spicy programme of readings, recitations, addresses, music, etc. Mrs. Hinman has been very efficient in the supervision of these meetings.

Hillsdale Q. M. has nine auxiliaries, a membership of 264, takes 116 copies of the *HELPER*, remits \$58.55 this quarter, and reported over \$75 last quarter. Mrs. Van Ostrand writes: "I think the interest is increasing here, but I would like to see it increase ten-fold more. Some are indifferent to the work, and are as one in deep slumber, and cannot hear the earnest calls and pleadings for more money and laborers. I have found a few new subscribers for the *HELPER*."

We are looking with interest toward the Montcalm Q. M., which has lately reorganized. Miss Alice Smith writes: "We think we are on a better foundation for work now, and hope to raise more for missions than ever before."

What of Lansing and other points where mission work is going on?

MRS. M. M. KOON, *District Secretary.*

MINNESOTA.

"Onward" seems to be the watch-word of the Champlin auxiliary. Mrs. McKenney says in a note giving order for several "Helps," "As a society we are getting along nicely. Attendance at our monthly meetings is increasing. We are taking subjects now. Each month parts are assigned to six ladies, and it is resulting in good. Our society now numbers twenty-five, and we take twenty-three *HELPERS*. A few weeks since some thirteen members of our auxiliary went out four miles and held a meeting at a school-house, trying to interest them in that section. I lend my magazines constantly, and know that they do good."

Mrs. Dutton, of Crystal Lake, reports an interesting meeting held on Sunday evening, March 23. In spite of bad roads, the congregation was very good. Evidently there is to be real work done in this church.

INDIANA.

I cannot forbear writing, as does a sister from Iowa, that I so much regret not being permitted to attend the General Conference and clasp hands with you, and many others whose names have become familiar to me through the *HELPER*, which is a welcome visitor to our home each month. I am doing what I can to increase the list of subscribers, and hope to double the number already sent, when the roads permit me to go into the country to visit other churches.

Our Quarterly Meeting (Salem), was held at Ridgeville, on the 15th and 16th of April. Sunday evening was devoted to missions, and a society was organized, with Mrs. Dr. Farquahar, as president, one vice-president for each church, and Mrs. J. B. Lash, secretary and treasurer. A programme, consisting of an essay, select reading, and a letter from Dr. Nellie Phillips, had been prepared by our church society. The Rev. S. D. Bates, of Marion, always welcome, was present to encourage us. We are to go on in this good work for the Master.

MRS. J. B. LASH.



Children's Niche.

Our Mission Circle.

[BY SARAH HAYFORD MARDEN.]

I SEE them so plainly: The low summer
sun

Floods the chapel with soft, golden light;
The musical voice of the deep-toned bell
Has gathered the faithful to-night,
For the concert hour.

The minister's voice has been gentle in
prayer,

Then, singing, with news from the front—
Now a pause,—and he calls for his young
folks' report

With a smile, as if this were his wont,
At the concert hour.

From the right and the left come the girls
and the boys,

Forming full in the rich sunset gleam,—
As they speak and they sing of the ways of
the Lord,

Of how gracious and hopeful they seem,
And full of power.

I love them by name, and I count them by
heart,

As they loyally take each place;
With the glory of youth, and the wisdom
of hope,

And the beauty of love on each face,
At this concert hour.

Calm Nannie, sure Ella, the three Marys
sweet,

Brave John, and their tall mates beside,
Give us history, letters, and theories ripe,
And the tale of the true and the tried,
For the concert hour.

Bright Laura, grave Ina, and Bessie the
glad,

Bertie, Earnest, and Frankie, and Will
Offer wisdom and cheer, and the sunshine
of fact,

While the thoughtful crowd listen so
still,

At the concert hour.

And dear blue-eyed Ezra tells,—modest,
but firm,—

A story, in true boyish phrase;
And Rosa and Nettie and Jenny and Floy
And Grace sing the sweet childish lays,
At the concert hour.

God bless them, each one, and the work
of the band,

Wherever the paths shall lead.

A circle's a circle, tho' broaden it may,—
And our business, the wide world's need.

Happy concert hour!

—In Good Times.

A Birthday Letter.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I want to write you on this, my birthday, although I have neither letters nor questions to answer. Yesterday afternoon I went with two zenana teachers, Tipori and Jessuda, to their work. They teach among the lower castes, where women are not kept shut up.

We left the carriage in the street and followed one of the narrow foot-paths a quarter of a mile, perhaps, between the clay-walled, straw-thatched houses, till we came to one at the front door of which a small, scrawny, white, hump-backed cow was tied. Tipori drove her calf one side, and I stepped up one step on to the mud floor, hard and clean, of the veranda, stooping a little lest my head should bump on the low, thatched veranda roof. I stooped again to enter the wooden door, and we passed through a small and nearly empty room, coming out on the veranda which surrounds the inner courtyard. Here we found two women and four little girls waiting for their teachers.

See the women, slender in form, brown in color, their bodies wrapped in a straight piece of coarse white muslin. There is an inch or more of red woven in the selvedge. This cloth covers their head, but their feet are bare. They are poor, and their jewelry in the hair and ears, on wrists, fingers and ankles, is of brass or glass, or some shining imitation of silver. The girls are dressed just like the women. They all stood and looked at me for a minute. "Won't you say good morning to the lady?" Tipori asked, when down every one fell prostrate before me, touching their foreheads to the ground floor. "No, no," I said, "don't prostrate yourselves before me. I am only a woman like these, and have come to get acquainted with you, and to hear you read." They gave me a wooden stool, and for themselves they had spread a mat braided from strips of date-leaves. As they began to read, the door opened again and a woman entered, carrying in her arms a child about five years old, whose only garment was a chain around the waist; and with her was a little girl whose black curly hair was one tangled mat. The company was now complete, six children reading and three mothers interestedly looking on.

All were reading in the primer, the tiny one just beginning and the one who had read longest just completing it. You

would have laughed to see how proudly the little one called off the six letters he had learned. I gave them some bright cards as their monthly prize, but I had brought only five, for Tipori had told me five read in that house. She explained that she did not count the little boy, as she had not put his name upon her book, he being so little, and their work for women and girls. Seeing all the rest get pretty cards and he none, his little lips began to quiver and his big black eyes to fill with tears. The Mission Band at Marilla, N. Y., which sent the cards, would have been glad to see the tears disappear and the sobs die out, when I drew the little one to me and said, "Don't cry, my boy, you read so nicely you shall have a card, too. I will send you a pretty one when the teachers come next time."

After they had recited some from the catechism we rose to go, but they said, "Please sit down and sing for us just one piece. Miss Coombs sings when she comes." I thought, God has not given us all Miss Coombs' strong, sweet voice, but the teacher and I sang

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,"

and then I told them, as best I could, of the Jesus they were learning about, and of Heaven.

All the teaching and talking must be done in Bengali, and though in the seven years and a half that I was at home I forgot much, still, I think they all understood me. Oh, the blessing one gets in doing what he can! Sing, children, if you can't sing so well as some other one can; talk of Jesus, even though your words be broken; and pray, dear ones, not only in secret, but in the prayer-meetings. If your prayers be short and simple, God loves you, and He it is who saves men by some means, and maybe He will save some soul by *your little prayer*. Yours always,

LIBBIE GRIFFIN.

P. S.—Of the rest of the morning's work I will write in your Sunday-school paper, the *Myrtle*.

The Missionary Potato.

It wasn't a very large church, and it wasn't nicely furnished. No carpet on the floor, no frescos on the walls; just a plain, square, bare, frame building, away out in south-

ern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sunday of their lives.

On this particular Sunday they stood together over by the square box-stove, waiting for Sunday School to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up for them. However, they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give.

"Pennies are as scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth, as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around on the old church. What should he spy, lying in one corner of a seat, but a potato.

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought things here for the poor folks. I say, Steenie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea!" he said eagerly. "Let's do it."

James expected to see a roguish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said: "I'm in earnest!"

"Honor bright?" asked James.

"Yes, honor bright."

"How? Split it in two, and each put half on the plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing; "we can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess; but suppose we carry it home and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause? There'll be another chance; this isn't the only collection the church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan, they went into the class looking less sober than before; and though their faces were rather red when the box was passed to them and they had to shake their heads, they thought of the potato and looked at each other and laughed.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth and the dew and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw anything grow like it! "Beats all," said farmer Holt, who was let into

into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I should make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes, in that hill? Another thing: while the boys were picking them up, they talked over the grand mass-meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday,—an all-day meeting. The little church had had a taste of the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans laid. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully, they wrote out in their best hand this sentence forty-one times:

"This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to the missions. Signed, James and Stephen Holt." Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine, if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you. But I can assure you of one thing: they each have a missionary garden, and it thrives. — *The Pansy*.

MRS. GRIFFIN is asked by little Mary to write about the birds in India, and the snakes, too. Mary wishes that the children of the missionaries would send letters to be printed.

Contributions.

RECEIPTS FROM MARCH 1ST TO APRIL 1ST, 1884.

MAINE.			
Bangor, Auxiliary.....	\$5.00	to constitute Mrs. O. G. Douglass L. M.....	12.00
East Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	2.00	Lisbon Falls, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' support.....	9.63
Farmington, Q. M. W. M. Society, for F. M.....	15.28	North Lebanon, Auxiliary.....	5.00
Lewiston, Pine street, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' support and		Presque Isle, Auxiliary, for native zenana teacher.....	12.50
		Sebec Q. M., Auxiliary, for Anjanee with Mrs. Burkholder..	12.50

Sebec Q. M., Auxiliary, for general work.....	3.24
Springvale, Auxiliary, 1-2 each for H. and F. M.....	15.00
South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for Gouri.....	7.00
St. Albans, Church.....	2.00
West Lebanon, Auxiliary, \$1.90 for H. M., and \$3.80 for F. M.....	5.70

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Lake Village, J. L. and O. E. Sinclair, for Harper's Ferry.....	10.00
Rochester, Auxiliary, for native teacher with Mrs. D. F. Smith.....	5.00
Pittsfield, Mrs. J. S. Osborn, towards constituting Sarah May Eastman L. M.....	10.00

VERMONT.

South Wheelock, \$3.00 from "Ready Helpers," and \$3.00 from ladies.....	6.00
Starksboro', Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's support.....	10.00
West Topsham, Auxiliary, for ze-nana work.....	10.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington, \$5.00 from Mrs. M. B. Nash, \$3.00 from Mrs. H. F. Peirce, \$2.00 from M. J. Talbot, all for F. M.....	10.00
Haverhill, Auxiliary, to complete L. M. of Mrs. A. J. Pike, and towards constituting Mrs. C. A. Hilton L. M.....	15.00
Lowell, Paige Street, Auxiliary...	26.20

RHODE ISLAND.

Olneyville, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips' support.....	15.00
Pascoag, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips' support.....	12.50
Pascoag, Young People's Society, for Miss Ida Phillips' support.....	12.50
Pascoag, Young People's Society, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	11.00
Pascoag, Young People's Society, for Inc. Fund.....	1.00
Providence, Roger Williams Y. P. Society, for Roger Williams Library in Anthony Hall.....	50.00
Providence, Roger Williams Y. P. Society, for Miss H. Phillips'	

support, to constitute Mrs. H. K. Clark L. M.....	25.00
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OHIO.

South Lyme, Sunday School Children's Fair, for Miss Ida Phillips.....	10.88
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MICHIGAN.

Eagle, from Betsey Doty.....	5.00
Hillsdale, Auxiliary, \$17.00 for Lansing church, and \$5.00 for F. M.....	22.00
Genesee, Q. M. W. M. Society, for F. M.....	9.45
Van Buren, Q. M. Auxiliary, for F. M.....	11.03

IOWA.

Wilton, Auxiliary, for Harper's Ferry.....	6.00
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WEST VIRGINIA.

Martinsburg, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	19.25
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MISCELLANEOUS.

"Hebberd Fund" conditionally received with only interest to be used.....	500.00
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Total..... \$919.66

CORRECTION.—By request, the following items are entered instead of what was in the March HELPER:

Sandwich Q. M., collection, for general work.....	\$17.17
Centre Sandwich, Auxiliary, for Home Missions.....	1.00
Bristol, Auxiliary, for general work.....	5.00
Meredith Village, Auxiliary, for Miss Mary Bachelor.....	6.57
Meredith Village, Auxiliary, for Harper's Ferry.....	5.70
Meredith Village, Earnest Workers, for Miss Mary Bachelor.....	3.28
Meredith Village, Earnest Workers, for Harper's Ferry.....	3.28

Total..... \$42.00

L. A. DEMERITTE, Treas.,

per M. S. WATERMAN,

DOVER, N. H. Assistant Treas.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

Receipts for March, 1884.

	F. M.	H. M.	Ed. Soc.
Aggregate.....	\$3,128.76	\$1,275.08	\$218.10
REV. E. N. FERNALD, Treas., LEWISTON, Me.			

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

Receipts for March, 1884.

	F. M.	H. M.	Ed. Soc.
Total.....	\$115.26	\$223.81	\$11.43
J. C. STEELE, Treas., DALE, Wy. Co., N. Y.			

Helps for Auxiliaries.

A list of the leaflets published by the Woman's Missionary Society is here given, to which have been added a few books and pamphlets which are of special value. They will be forwarded on receipt of price stated. Those under head of miscellaneous are for gratuitous distribution, but contributions are desired for the Literature Fund, by means of which they are printed. From time to time others will be added.

Miscellaneous.

Constitution of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society.
 Constitution for Quarterly Meeting Societies.
 Hints and Helps for Q. M. Societies.
 Constitution for Auxiliaries, including Hints for Organization, and other valuable items. 4 pages.
 Constitution for Mission Bands, including valuable suggestions.
 Blanks for reporting Mission Bands, Auxiliaries, Q. M. and Y. M. Societies.

Readings.

"Thanksgiving Ann." "A Plea for Zenana Women." "A Plea for Santal Women." "The Indian Maiden's Call."

Dialogues.

A Missionary Dialogue on India; and "The Toilers," for twelve children. *Price for Readings and Dialogues, 3 cents each.*

Books and Pamphlets.

"Historical Sketches of Woman's Missionary Societies in America and England," by Mrs. Daggett.....75 cts.
 "My Missionary Box and I".....10 cts.
 "A Grain of Mustard Seed, or the District Secretary's Letter." 10 cts.
 "Missionary Exercises," a collection of Bible Readings, Dialogues, Poems, etc., including postage.....35 cts.
 "The Golden Sheaf," by Mrs. H. C. Phillips.....50 cts.
 "Uncle Ben's Bag".....2 cts.
 "Progress of Christian Missions," a hand-book for use in the Family, Sabbath School, and Mission Band, including postage. 6 cts.
 "Tenth Annual Report of the F. B. W. Society," including postage, 10 cts.
 "The F. B. Register and Year-Book," including postage.....12 cts.

Envelopes for Collectors.....25 cts. per hundred.

Photographs of Missionaries.

25 cts. each, \$1.50 for ten copies. Miss Crawford and Miss Ida Phillips. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, cabinet size, 40 cents.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS OF THE MISSIONARIES.

Midnapore.—Rev. T. W. Burkholder, Mrs. Burkholder, Dr. J. L. Phillips, Mrs. Phillips, Miss L. C. Coombs.
Dantoon.—Mrs. H. C. Phillips, Miss Nellie M. Phillips.
Jellalore.—Mrs. D. F. Smith, Miss Jessie B. Hooper.

Balasore.—Rev. M. J. Coldren, Mrs. Coldren, Miss I. O. Phillips, Miss H. P. Phillips.

Evansville, Wis.—Rev. A. J. Marshall, Mrs. Marshall.

New Hampton, N. H.—Rev. and Mrs. O. R. Bacheiler, Miss M. E. Bacheiler.

Postage to India, 5 cts. each half-oz.; newspapers and packages, 2 cts. each two ozs.